DOWN SOUTH.

ON A NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAIN.

Limestone Township, Oct. 22.-There was a fime when I considered it would be a very romantic thing to be lost on a mountain. Think of the grandeur and sublimity! Think of the heroic devotion of the over, who is necessarily always lost with you, if you are a woman. He shelters you with his coat, not ding the cold himself. He always has matches on his person, and when darkness has come down, nd it is useless to try to find your way any more, the lover—he has not yet declared himself, but he will—gathers branches of trees and sets fire to them. When the cheerful fire blazes up, and makes the usual Rembrandt Eghts and shades, he throws himelf at your feet, and you are both silent for a short time. The silence is full of a strange and subtle sweetness, and of heart beats. He is in his shirt ecause you have his coat, but his dark face and picturesque moustache seem even more attractive than they had been when you last saw him in evendress, and waitzed with him. The strains of that "waitz of Von Weber" come back to you, together with the memory of the blonde girl in blue, made such a bold, dead set at the man at your feet. At thought of her, your face hardens. He looks up at you, toesing his dark hair from his foreneed with that gesture you have learned to love.

The above paragraph will give a hint of the way had always intended to be lost on a mountain; it is, am sure, the only proper way for a woman to be

est—the only womanly way.

Instead, however, of any such experience befalling Amabel and me, here we were in broad daylight in a surrey going partially on spokes, a horse said to be worth three hundred dollars, and a boy who was not worth a cent, and who was now so bewildered, that he had ceased even to "dum the folkses as had

stopped up all their dum roads." lick had lost all his confidence and appearance of knowledge. He had even ceased to whack at his horse with his stump of a whip. After we had left the cabin where we inquired for Mr. Ayer's house, Alick had huddled forward on his seak, and had said "dunno" to everything we asked him. Once he had tried to explain to us that if we "hadn't had had had have to be started he should he s er been in sich a hurry when he started, he should had more wits 'bout him now, he recknned."

We felt this to be hard to bear, coming from one the had kept us waiting nearly five hours in a grocery store. In addition to our other comforts while lost on the mountain, we must not forget the redbird the was with us. Also his cage. Every time the carriage lurched this side or that, which was every noment, the cage must be kept from too violent a ovement. Amabel confessed that life seemed too precious to be devoted entirely to a bird cage. But she had brought the bird so far and endured so much for it, it did seem too bad to give it up just as

Here she interrupted herself, to say that perhaps re had entirely mistaken the range of mountains mong which our friends dwelt. She asked Alick many ranges of mountains there were in North Carolina. The question plunged the boy into the most pitiable confusion. He gave it as his opinion that there were millions of um; but he wouldn't care of thur war, of he only didn't lose "all his spokes." He avowed that if it hadn't ben for thum spokes, kinder breshin' an' thumpin' on thur ground, he should er ben clearer in his mind somehow, an'

"Then you own you are lost," said Amabel. "That is a satisfaction, any way; for we've known it for an our. What will be our ultimate fate, do you think?"
This last question was directed to me. As it was put, the horse suddenly stood still, for the twentieth ne, before a pile of young felled pines which "shet urp" a road, lying directly across it. in by the woods on the mountain side that wo could only occasionally have glimpses of heights rising beyond, or of the deeps of narrow valleys, where streams rushed foaming

It was impossible to guess what would be our ultimate fate. Alick was blubbering softly to himself and muttering about spokes. The redbird was fluttering madly. It was a fitting moment for a rescue from some source. But it is a curious and sad fact that only in stories is the rescue effected at the proper Alick whined out the remark that "he didn't know as his hoss could find the way back to the Junction now, 'cos we'd ben er makin' him go en so." We thought of the Junction boarding house. Was it possible that we should be obliged, when night came, occupy one of the beds in the Junction general

"I guess," said Amabel desperately, "that you may take the horse out of the shafts, Alick, and ride him home. But leave us the wagon. We will camp out in it. We will set snares and catch our food, which we will eat raw. We can't go back to the Junction because if we do we can never leave it. We will dwell here, near to Nature's heart. Go, Alick, but leave us the surrey. one should inquire what was our fate, say nothing. Let a veil of stience drop between us and posterity I don't knew how long we can live on raw rabbits and quirrels without salt. I don't even know whether corset lacings will make good snares. When we die I hope we may die in sight of Mount Pisgah. Go,

The boy stared stupidly. He did however, catch the idea of riding home. He said he was durn'd ef he didn't think he'd go. He'd git some men ter come after us. He'd git um right yer, right soon, When we asked him how he could find his way ck to us, he began to assert himself again, with the bullying air of a boy.

Should we let him go? I looked at Amabel's strained and anxious face. She said she believed the carriage would be wanted; she believed in time somebody would come. And we might be very near a house without knowing it. These roads led to farms. Meanwhile Alick had scrambled out and was everishly taking the "gears" from the horse.

did not speak. He wanted to get away. And he saw him go, and saw that he let the horse take its own course. After that we sat silently, the bird frisking as if in

eat joy. It was trying to see the joy of that bird. The sun came round in front of us, and we became very hungry. But we were not yet ready to set snares. how snares did not seem available when we looked down the vast slope of the mountain at our

At the end of two hours, as we were looking thus, we saw something that roused us greatly. It was a borse carrying what we decided to be a woman on was slowly climbing toward us. We were out of the carriage, for we had been exploring is far in every direction as we dared to go, without ling anything. We were at some distance from our vehicle and we stood still, watching. The steed "clay bank," and it was certainly a woman on im: a woman sitting on r man's saddle, wearing a bright pink sun bonnet and, for the rest, in a very ragged condition. She had in front of her and apparently laid across the horse's neck, some kind of a bundle from which faint cries occasionally issued. Every time the bundle cried the woman gave it a little

As long as this fair equestrienne continued to come toward us we would not call to her. We remained quiet, watching to see the effect on her of a surrey found in the wilderness. She came directly upon the carriage before she saw it, for a cape bounet performs for its wearer the same office which blinders perform for a horse. The clay bank was pulled up shortly ncholy walk. Its rider said "Law me! nd remained motionless, gazing. A faint wall and futile movement of the bundle in front roused her a more vigorous slap. Then she drew her foot from the loop in the strap which had served her for a stirrup and slipped to the ground. She lifted the shabby bundle down and put it on the ground at the root of a tree. She shook it impatiently as she did so and said drawlingly, "Thur, yo' sullen helfer, yo'

lis' lay thur, will yo' !" The child sobbed, but remained quiet. The woman slouched up to the carriage, while the horse had begun cropping what green leaves it She pushed back her bonnet. We saw a bony face, yellow, with thin-lipped, laseivious mouth drooling a brown liquid which had gone down each of the chin and had made dark smoothes on her wrinkled throat. The throat and bosom were uncovered, for the fastenings of the upper part of the dress had gone. A fragment of a shawl had been pinned over the shoulders, but when she had disnounted this had become displaced.

She leaned on the wheel nearest her and gazed at the carriage and its contents. Satchels and shawis and bird cage were there. After a long gaze she turned her head slightly and spat. Then she said "Law me," again, this time with a slight show of Her sunken eyes had a dull gleam in animation. em as she reached forth a dingy, corded hand and took one of the shawls.

We now thought it was time to advance. We walked forward noisily among the leaves and branches. She dropped the shawl and turned toward us, composedly staring, her bonnet pushed back, re-When we had reached the side of the surrey she

from its resting place beneath her under lip, to som

After a moment's hesitation we said "howdy" also, and then waited. She leaned on the wheel, and tinued her observation of us, with such calmness and such unswerving intentness, that I was fast be coming rigid. To try if I could make a moven I pinched Amabel's arm, and she responded in kind. Somebody must speak or I felt that we might become enchanted. I was beginning to think that anything was possible among these mountains. To our great surprise the woman spoke first. She said it was a

right pooty evenin'. Changing her position, she lifted a foot and rested it on the hub of the wheel. Then she asked us if we were "reck'nin' to settle."

Amable said desperately that she did not know whether we should ever settle or not, but a boy from the Junction had undertaken to drive us to Mr. Ayer's, who lived on a mountain somwhere in Lime-stone Township, and it had turned out that he didn't know where Mr. Ayer's house was. And we didn't know either. Did she know? The boy had gone back to the Junction; that is, he was going to try to get to the Junction. We thought we should find Alick should not come back

and put up the other one. Now we noticed that her feet were clad in man's boots very much "shouled" over at the sides, so that the heels scarcely touched the ground, At that moment the baby, a few yards away under the tree, stirred and whined. The mother turned her head

and whined. The mother turned her head over her shoulder and said: "Hold your jaw!" Impossible to tell whether the baby knew the meaning of these words, but it stopped whining. The woman looked at us and slowly began to speak. "Thur's a boy ben er comin' fur his eatin's ter my house last week," she said, "he war er plowin' fur the ole Penlands. I reckon he said thur war er man named Ayer summers on this mounting, or on the Busbee. It war er man who had an idee as we-uns did n't plow deep 'nough round nyor. I reckon he's got his head sut outer plowin' deeper hisse'f." There was so much scora in the last words, and the speaker, after having spoken them, ejected tobacco sailva so contemptuously, that we both felt it was a disgrace to us that we had inquired for Mr. Ayer. Still we must persist.

"Then you don't know where Mr. Ayer lives!" asked Amabel dejectediy.

"Naw."

"Naw."
A gloomy silence now fell upon us. The stranger occupied it by resuming her dull study of us. The sun was getting nearer the top of a tail mountain in the West. Our hunger was increasing.

"But that boy who was plowing for the Penlands," exclaimed Amabel eagerly. "He knows where Mr. Ayer's house is?"

"Yes-um."

"Yes-um."

"Yes-um."

Then if we could see that boy! only to think that there was a boy who knew where Mr. Ayer lived was like a tonic to us. We asked if this woman would take us to her house, feed us and shelter us until this precious boy could be produced. To our surprise she not only seemed willing to do so, but she showed some signs of a hospitable feeling. But she warned us that her cabin was "mighty pore," she also made the somewhat ambiguous remark that she also made the somewhat ambiguous remark that "she hadn't got no old man its now," and added the information, that "hog's my meat an' whiskey's my

information, that "hog's my meat an' whishey's my drink."

But this knowledge could not daunt us. Hog and whishey looked pleasant to us now. We felt the sconer we started the better it would be for us. The woman caught the clay bank horse without any difficulty. She said we might either of us ride. But neither my friend nor myself had any confidence in our powers to ride on a man's saddle along the side of these mountains. The stranger mounted and asked us to hand up the baby. She then directed that the two satchels be fastened together with one of the reins belonging to the gears Alich had left. Thus fastened they were flung over the horse behind its rider. Amabel carried the bied-cags. So we went slowly and tollsomely down the steepest path I was ever on. Nobody spoke a word. We watched the horse deliberately bracing its front feet with every step it took. We also braced and dug our heels into the soft, dark soil. We went on an hour like this. After a while the path, descending all the time, curved round to the left. On a slope, not so steep as the one we had been descending, but still perilously like the pitch of a house roof, were a few acres of deadened trees, and in the midst, a log cabin. A spotted black and white dog came galloping out to greet us. An ash-hopper was at one end of the cabin. There was not a tree, save the spectral dead ones, near.

The woman rode up to the open door and we followed.

"Hyar we be," she said. She slipped off her horse,

The woman rode up to the open door and we followed.

"Hyar we be," she said. She slipped off her horse, pulled the saddle from him and threw it inside the door, then turned the animal loose.

"Et he gits ter thur roughness I shan't blame him noan," she remarked. We heard her without in the least knowing what she meant.

Before she removed her sumbonnet she went to a table in a corner of the room where stood a dish with some cooked fat meat. She cut off a thick slice and gave it into the clutching fingers of her baby. The child took the bacon and began suching it greedily. It sucked contentedly after it was laid on the bed, which was a sack of straw with some quilts on it.

also easy to see that she had the virtue of hospitality. Plainly she enjoyed mixing the corn pone and frying the bacon, and both were soon down on coals before the fire. She told us she hadn't any tea or coffee, but she would steep us some dittany which she considered fully equal to store tea, specially with a "few meriasses inter it."

We ate the pone and bacon and drank the dittany. We ate so much that our hostess once actually smiled, her wide, almost lipless mouth looking strange in the process.

"You-uns war hungry," she said. "I never seen nobody dew much better at eatin's."

___ PRACTISING FOR A PRIMA DONNA.

PRACTISING FOR A PARMA DONNA.

From The Springfield Union.

"Now, Susie," said Mrs. Djuke, as her little girl started out to take her music lesson, "I want you to practise faithfully, and some day perhaps you will be a prima donna."

The next day Susie handed her mamma the following manuscript: "I most cheerfully recommend your soap as the nicest soap I ever saw. Yours sincerely, Susie Djuke."

de Djuke."
"Why, what does this mean, Susie?" asked her

mamma.
"Oh, I've been practising to be a pri- onna,"
replied Suste.

GETTING FAT.

Edgar Fawcett in Once a Week.

Edgar Fawcett in Once a Week.

The pale invalid does not mark fresh proofs of emaciation morning after morning with half so keen a solicitude as that shown by the threatened victim of obesity; for invalids, as a rule, are rather careless about personnel, while people who are growing stout often disclose an eager regard for it. Their sensitiveness, too, has become proverbial, and I should say that this rose from a solemn feeling that they are becoming gradually pressed away by their own avordupe's from all the romanticism and picturesqueness of life. But especially is this true when they are of the softer sex. Flesh has wrought more dolorous havoe in the feminine than in the masculine bosom. We all find that a fat Romeo somewhat crucial to put up with, but we will not have a fat Juliet at any price; we should prefer one, indeed, beside whom sarah Bernhardt appeared a triffe plump.

It has been my impression that the sorrows of fat women still wait to be sympathetically recorded. As a class they have been ridiculed abundantly. Their kindlier chronicler has yet to look into his heart and write about them. He will tell what agony they have suffered from the simple phrase "You appear to be very well," and how they have furtively shuddered when the word "healthy" has left the lips of some funocent friend. He will touch upon those bitter qualms of embarrassment which are fell when a member of their poetly seet shall enter a street-car, and find that two men rise gallantly instead of one. He will mention, also, their tremuious distrust of fragile looking chairs. But this will not include the whole substance of his exposition, for he cannot, as a conscientious annalist, ignore those data of dieting which include a fevvid could of roast-beef, fish and lemon-juice, coincident with an avoidance of sugar, milk, and potatoes. It will all be a sorrowful history when some one shall some day indite it. It will be replete with heart yearnings, but it must likewise be sadly pregnant with yearnings of a more prosale and carnal kin

ALEXANDER SALVINI AS A PIPE-BUYER.

From The Chicago Herald.

The actor's rooms are filled with curios which he has occupied years in collecting. This is his hobby, and he has been kept poor by going in for brice-brac which his salact would not warrant. At first he was a profitable customer for the dealers in this line of goods, and they found him out and hounded him day and night, but now he is a pretty close buyer. He has been all over Europe and knows the vaine of whatever is offered him. If a dealer comes to him with a rare old German ripe, which he has seen sold in small towns in Germany for 3 or 4 marks, and offers it to him for \$20\$, Salvini offers him \$2\$, and they finally compromise on about \$3\$, which the young actor considers a safe investment, as he can usually dispose of it for more money.

RIVAL DOG FANCIERS.

From The Chicago News.

Here is a bit of conversation between two boys which was heard on Washington boulevard:

"Yotter see my dandy dog."

"Hu! Did."

"Ain't he a bute?"

"Aw, you bet I'm gonter git a dandier. From The Chicago News.

"Wotyegtynus?"

"Hope to die."
"Der ain't no dandier dog than mine."
"Hu! I know a boy wot's gotter dog dat can walk
on three legs, 'n' he's gonter to give him to me.
Dat'll be the dandiest dog in dis block."

Hersford's Acid Phosphate

TIN-TYPES.

TAKEN IN NEW-YORK STREETS.

Copyright; 1888: By The New York Tribune.
All bedecked with light and all ablaze with color the Cooper Union was fast filling up with the friend of Reform. So enormous had the crowds in Astor Place become that, although the hour was early, Colonel Sneekins had wisely concluded to wait no longer but at once to let them in. They poured through the

OUT OF GOOD COMETH EVIL

wide doorways in abundant streams while Sneekins led the superb brass band of the 7th Regiment, done up in startling uniforms and carry-ing along with it a tremendous battery of horns and drums, to its place in the gallery.

Colonel Machiavelli Sneekins sustained an impor-tant relation to the Reform movement, and at this Grand Rally of Non-Parffsan Citizens in the Interes of Reform, he had, with great propriety, selected him get to the Junction. We thought we should find self to be Master of Ceremonies. Colonel Sneekins some one, or some one would come along, even if was a non-partisan citizen. He looked upon partisanship as the curse of the Republic and in his more Then we waited for the woman to speak. She enthusiastic moments had declared that if he could was in no hurry. She took her foot from the hub have his way about it any man so hopelessly dead to the nobler impulses of the human heart as to confess himself a partisan should be declared guilty of a felony and confined for a proper period of years at hard labor. What the country called for, according to Colonel Sneekins, was Reform. The first step in bringing about the triumph of Reform was to put all the offices in the hands of Reformers. If the public wished to intoxicate its eyes with the spectacle of the kind of men who would then administer the Govern-ment, it had but to look upon him. He was a Reformer. As a Reformer he was in possession of a lucrative municipal office where'n he was mightily prospering and which for the honor and giory of Re-

form he was willing to retain.

Colonel Sneekins was the leading spirit of this citizens' movement. He had prepared the call of the meeting. He had obtained the 1,500 signatures now appended to it, representing estimable business men who, in observing that useful maxim of trade. "We strive to please," esteemed it one of their functions to sign all the petitions that came along. Colonel Sneekins had hired the hall and the band; had made up from the City Directory a formidable list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries; had secured the orators and finally had arranged for the attendance of a sufand fibally had arranged for the attendance of ficient audience. In perfecting these arrangements he had had the valuable assistance of other distinguished Reformers and non-partisan citizens. Editor Bodkin, of "The New-York Dally Boast," had boomed the movement with great zeal and effectiveness. General Divvy, the ex-Governor of South Carolina, who had grown wealthy reforming that State and had thereafter naturally come to be regarded as an authority on all matters connected with Reform, had written an earnest letter commending the Rally as one of the most important steps that had ever been taken in the direction of pure and frugal government. The Rev. Dr. Lillipad Froth, from his pulpit in the Memorial Church of the Sacred Vanities, had taken occasion to say that great results to the community might be expected from the success of this patriotic enterprise, and ex-Congressman Van Shyster, being interviewed by a reporter of "The Boast," after expressing his unquali fied opinion that all political parties were utterly corrupt and abandoned, whereof his opportunity of judg-ing had certainly been excellent since he had suffered numerous defeats as the candidate of each of them successively, emphatically declared that he saw no hope for the city except in the cause this meeting was called to foster.

lished call as to what should be done at the Rally, but Colonel Sneekins's plans were fully matured. The Hon. Dovle O'Meagher, the Boss of Tammany Hall, had promised that his organization should indorse for the effice of Mayor the nominee presented by the Re-formers. As to the identity of their candidate there was but one mind among the Reformers. Who should he be but that champion of Reform, the Hon. Perfidius Brace? Mr. Brace was not an experiment and had filled many renumerative offices with I formers. Being of a modest and retiring disposition he was now kolding aloof from the honors sought to be thrust upon him. He had begged his friends to take some new candidate, he had pleaded his well-known dislike of office and the pressing demands of on the bed, which was a sack of straw with some quilts on it.

We sat down on a bench which stood against the wall. There were no chairs, only a stool in front of the fire-place where some logs were burning dully. The wind blew in through the cracks, and soon made us shiver. Besides, the door was open, and it must be open for there was no other way of admitting light. Of course we had read about these hovels before, but being in one and reading about one are two different experiences. So different, in fact, that I feel that the temptation to go on describing is a temptation to be resisted.

Our hostess had removed her sunbonnet, showing how full of veins her dingy neck was, and how shrunken. Showing also that, despite her wrinkles and her sallowness, she was not old. She revealed what a woman looks like who works at the plow, who eats how as licentious as the worst women in cities.

It was easy to see that she had the virtue of hospitality. Plainly she enjoyed mixing the corn pone and frying light.



HE RUBBED HIS HANDS AND GLEAMED HIS

TEETH. It was certainly an extraordinary crowd. It had sembled almost in an instant. Scarcely had the policemen taken their places at the doors of the coper Union when a bulky, variegated young man

stepped up to one of them. Hello!" he said.

"Hello, Meejor," responded the officera When 'll yer open de doors ?"

"Air ye wantin' t' git in, Meejor?" "Doncher know I got a gang to-night?" "So ye have, Meejor, so ye have. Ot was hearin' about it, av coorse. It's the Tim Tuff Assowseashun,

"Now, looker yere!" said Tuff. sharply, "Aincher got no orders 'bout dis meetin' !" Of have that, Meejor. Of was towld that you an' some friends av your'n moight be a-wantin' seats an'

Oi was ter see that ye got 'em." "Dat's all right, den. Me an' my frien's 'll be along in about ten minutes, an' dey'll be enough of us ter fill de hall, an' dere's one t'ing yer wants ter keep in yer head and dat's dis-ef me an' my frien's don't get a chance ter jam dis house before anybody

else is 'lowed inside de door, de Hon'able Doyle O'Meagher 'll be wantin' ter know de reason why!" Having thus delivered himself Tuff sauntered down the Bowery, and presently from all points of the compass a tremendous rabble began to pour into Astor Place and to amass itself in front of the Cooper Union. Tuff himself reappeared in a few moments and when Colonel Sneekins gave the signal for the doors to be opened Tuff and his friends took easy and complete possession of the house.

Meanwhile the Hon. Perfidius Brace stood in a little room at the rear of the stage receiving the invited guests of the occasion. Mr. Pickles, the well-known Broome-st. grocer, assured a look of intense morality and importance, as the Mayor asked him how he did and expressed his gratification at seeing the honored name of Pickles, a power in the commercial world, enrolled among the friends of reform. The appearance of General Divvy put the Mayor in quite a flutter. and when the General told him that he positively must consent to run again and that he was the only hope of the Reformers, the Major was much affected

"I fear I am," he replied, with a mouruful shake If the head, as much as to say what a commentary that was on the absence of virtue in public life. Editor Bodkin was equally earnest in his appeals

He said the Mayor must come right out, and referred to a conversation he had had with the President only last week, in which the President had confidentially

said he was as much in favor of Reform as ever. Dr. Punk, who stands at the very head of the m profession, informed the Rev. Lillipad Froth that it was his deliberate opinion, should Mr. Brace descrithem in this crisis, all would be over. Something like dismay was created by the ominous remark of ex-Congressman Van Shyster that others might do as they pleased, but as for him, his mind was made up. At this critical juncture the Hon. Erastus Spiggott, the orator of the evening, opportunely arrived, and upon being told that Mr. Brace was still hesitating, he boldly declared that the only thing to do was to take the bull by the horns. Fired by the cheers elicited by this observation, he proceeded to say that the occasion which had brought together the large and representative body of citizens assembled in the hall beyond and waiting only for the opportunity o indorse the wise and safe and honorable administration of Mayor Brace (loud cheers) and to place again in nomination, would live in history. (Cries of " good ! good !") That wast and intelligent an was not there to record the edict of corrupt and selfish bosses, but as thoughtful, independent and patriotic citizens, free from the shackles of partisanship (loud applause), they had come together to promote the

nor and the prosperity of this imperial metropolis



OF THIS IMPERIAL METROPOLIS."

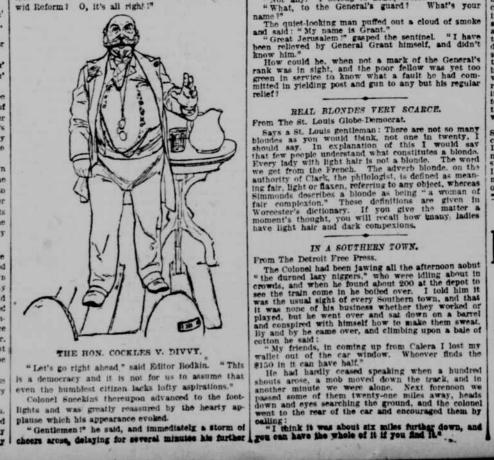
Mr. Spiggott was entirely satisfied that among then here was no division of sentiment as to the course that should be pursued to secure this noble end. They knew as well as he, as well as any of the gentlemen about him now, that the Reform cause stood in peril of but one misfortune-the retirement of the great, unselfish, popular and devoted man who had already led the Reformers to victory. (Rapturous applause.) He did not fail to appreciate the modesty that led Mr. Brace to undervalue his magnificent services to the city. He could well understand his (Mr. Brace's desire to return to his counting-room and his fireside free of the burdens and anxieties incident to a great trust. But-and here Mr. Spiggott's bosom swelled and his eyes flashed with a noble fire-he was not her to-night to consider Mr. Brace's feelings and wishes he was here, as they all were, in the discharge of a public duty. (Cheers.) That duty required of Mr. Brace an act of self-sacrifice. He must accept the nation. He could not, he would not dare desert the Banner of Reform. (Cheers.)

Mr. Spiggott paused, wiped his brow and his eye-glases, and continued. He might say in this small and select company of Reformers what it might be improdent to assert later in the evening, when he came to address the great assembly in the outer hall. that the outcome of this meeting was being keenly watched by the spoilsmen. They were a cunning and sagacious lot. The one thing they most dreaded was the very thing this meeting was going to do. He had the best reasons for knowing that Boss O'Meagher mightily desired to nominate a candidate of his own at the Tammany Hall convention. Who had been selected by this unprincipled partisan, this arrogant and odious dictator (loud and long applause) he did not know. But he was certain to be a partisan, a spoilsman, a tool of Tammany Hall and its corrupt boss. Mr. Brace's nomination to-night would deal a deadly blow to that plot. Tammany Hall would not dare risk the defeat of its entire ficket by nominating a candidate against the Hon. Perfidius Brace. (Immense enthusiasm.) Indeed, Mr. Spiggott had reason to believe that Boss O'Meagher, cunning trickster that he was, would seek to avail himself of Mr. Brace's popularity and would indorse the nominee of this Under these circumstances it was folly to meeting. think of permitting Mr. Brace to retire. (Cheers.) It could not be done.

and at their conclusion he touched his hankerchief to his eyes and said he did not think it would be right for him to resist any longer. Thereupon Colonel Sneekins, in a tone of voice that highly distressed the nerves of the Rev. Lillipad Froth, cried out "Hurrah!" and forth with led the way from the little dressing-room in which they were assembled out upon the stage. The Reformers had been so busy bolstering up the

shrinking nature of Mr. Brace that they had given small heed to the enormous concourse of citizens in the ball. Indeed, Colonel Sneekins, having ascertained that it would be sufficient in point of numbers for the purposes of a "grand rally," had not bestowed a further thought upon it, so that when he and his vice presidents and his distinguished guests finally got upon the stage and began to look about them, spectacle that met their eyes was an unexpected as it was bewildering. From the reporters' tables to the remotest recesses of the gallery the hall was packed tight with a motley mob, in which the ele ment of born cutthroats largely predominated. was the kind of crowd that could only have been gathered from the three-cent lodging-houses in Chatham-st. A dense volume of tobacco smoke, pro-duced from pipes and demoralized eigar stumps, choked the room. The evening being rather warm all surplus clothing had been disposed of, and so far as could be observed through the hazy atmosphere, the audience was attired only in shirts. In one sense it was a highly representative audience. It represented every nation and every clime on the face of the earth. Had it been selected for the purpose of show-ing the cosmopolitan character of the population in the tenement house district surrounding Chatham Square, it could not have been more picturesque. Bristle-bearded Russians and Poles, heavy-bearded Italians, dark-visaged Hungarians, and every other manner of unwashed men had been drawn into this Grand Rally of non-partisan citizens in the interest of

Colonel Sneekins looked aghast at General Divvy and whispered hoarsely, "There's been a mistake;" Drawing Mr. Spiggott, Editor Bodkin and ex-Congressman Van Shyster about them, a hurried consultation It was quickly decided that retreat was now impossible and that the meeting must go on. They were assisted in coming to this conclusion by the chorus of lively and altogether friendly apostrophe that came from the audience in cries of "Wet's de matter



utterance. "It affords me pleasure to propose as your chairman to-night the Hon. Cockies V. Divvy."

General Divvy came forward, and as he bowed and smiled in answer to the wild welcome he received, the band played a few bars from "Captain Jinks." When quiet had been restored, the General said that this was quiet had been restored, the General said that this was
the proudest moment of his life. He should not
venture, however, to make a speech. The occasion
was one that called for a power of eloquence he could
never hope to attain. (Cheers.) He would, however,
advert for one brief moment (more cheers) to the
significance of this great assembly. He was rejoiced
to see so representative a gathering of intelligent
citizens drawn from every walk of life, brought here citizens, drawn from every walk of life, brought here to consider how best to fix and establish upon the government of the city the great principle of Reform!

The roar of applause that greeted this declaration was simply deafening. For full five minutes the andence cheered and shouted, while Colonel Sneekins opened his lips and gleamed his teeth with such vigor as to compel the Rev. Dr. Lillipad Froth to take a more distant chair. General Divvy called upon Editor Bodkin to read

the resolutions, which Mr. Bodkin, having procured them from Mr. Brace a moment before, at once proceeded to do. The first resolution, being a declaration in favor of Reform. was instantly carried. The second, which indorsed Mayor Brace's administration, was likewise put through with entire unanimity. The third declared that this meeting of non-partisan citizens, anxious to ontinue to the city the unexampled prosperity it had enjoyed for the past two years, hereby placed in nomination for a second term the Hon. Perfidius Brace, whereupon, to the horror and dismay of the Refo



EDITOR BODKIN READS THE RESOLUTIONS.

In an instant confusion and uproar possessed the house. General Divvy pounded the desk before him frantically and screamed for order until he was black the face. Above all the din arose the shrill shout of Colonel Sneekins, as he called upon the police to clear the room. In the body of the house men were shaking their fists and waving their hats and coats and calling, "O'Meagher! O'Meagher! 'Rah fer O'Meagher!" So unbounded was their enthusiasm for O'Meagher, se unanimous and determined were they to listen to nothing but O'Meagher, and so fierce and bloodthirsty did their devotion to O'Meagher appear to make them, that General Divvy, warned by the sudden contact of a projected cabbage with his mallet. ceased at once to hammer and picked up his hat and coat. The Reformers about him accepted this as the signal of retreat and they fied precipitately through the door at the rear of the stage. Of them all only four tarried in the wings, Brace, Sneekins, Divvy and Bodkin; and as they grasped each other's hands in sorrow and sympathy, they saw the stalwart figure of Major Tuff mount the stage. Immediately the hall was quiet.

In the Saion of that year. At the Collot sale in 1852 to brought only 2,000 francs, or less than \$600. At a sale in Brussels, in 1853, the price paid was 2,200 francs. There is no record of any other sale until 1870, when the price of the picture rose to 27,000 francs. At the Saion of that year. At the Collot sale in 1852 to brought only 2,000 francs, or less than \$600. At a sale in Brussels, in 1853, the price paid was 2,200 francs. There is no record of any other sale until 1870, when the price of the picture rose to 27,000 francs. According to Robaut, it afterward belonged to the Secretan collection, but if this true, it must have been purchased privately by M. Goldschmidt. The price paid at the latter's sale, less than \$6,000, will be considered uncommonly moderate. was quiet.

"Gents!" said Tuff. "Fer reasons dat I don't see an' derefore can't explain, our leaders 'pear ter hev deserted us and ter hev left dis gran' rally of non-partisan citizens in de int'rust of Reform (cheers) in de lurch. Dis is werry unforchernit, but we, as Reormers, must hump ourselves ter meet de crisis. I nomernate for Mayor of New-York de Hon. Doyle O'Meagher! Long may he wave!"

A cyclone of cheers swept the hall, and as it echoed and re-echoed around them, the four stranded Reformers betook themselves away. "O'Meagher said he would accept the nominee of this meeting as the candidate of Tammany Hall," said Mr. Brace, saily, and I guess he'll keep his word."

L. E. Q.

MISTAKEN FOR A BLUE BLOOD.

From The Boston Advertiser.

Many curious stories are told by the museum functionaries of the odd and amusing remarks made by visitors thither, and the visitors who make some of the oddest remarks do not always come in on the free days either. A lady came in not long ago-she was a resident of Boston-bringing with her a stranger, who evidently wanted to see the museum. The stranger stared about for a while from picture to picture, and seemed to be especially attracted toward Bastlen Le Page's large canvas. "Who is that?" he asked, pointing to the ragged but inspired peasant girl that filled the foreground. "That," answered the lady, "is Joan of Are." "Of Boston?" Inquired the stranger, looking a bit puzzled. His informant took him out of hearing distance before enlightening him further. From The Boston Advertiser.

GENERAL GRANT ON GUARD.

From The Hartford Post. It was a drizzly day, only a short time before General Grant drove the enemy from Petersburg and moved toward Five Forks and Appomattox. A chill northeast gale made overcoats comfortable even there, and more men who could were them than left them off.

there, and more men who could wore them than left them off.

A sentinel down toward the river, near some storehouses, shivered as he strode to and fro on his post, his gunlock under his arm to keep off the wet. He was a raw recruit from "Down East," sent out to help fill the ranks of a regiment which had lost one-half its men since the campaign began.

He saw a man in a regulation overcoat and with a slouch hat, but with the steady carriage of a veteran, passing along a few rods away, and he called out to him:

"Say, friend, have you any terbacker in per clothes!"

"any, friend, have you any termaner in yer clothes!"

The passerby was smoking a cigar. "No." he replied. "I can give you a cigar, but I don't chew."

"And I don't smoke, but I'm starving for a chaw," replied the sentinel, as he looked over to the other wistfully, "An' I chaw, and dasn't smoke on post.

Say, couldn't you stand post a minute till I run over to the sutler's yonder?"

"I could," said the other, with a grim smile on his face, and then he added: "I will. Give me your gun and orders."

"There isn't no order, only to hall anybody going anigh them stores, and to stop 'em as has no business there."

So the sentinel, relieved of his post, hurried to the suiter's for the desired tobacco. Returning promptly, he took his gun and quietly said:

"If I get a chance I'll do as much for you, friend. What regiment be you in?"

"Not any. I belong to headquarters."

"What, to the General's guard? What's your name?"

"What, to the General's guard?" what's your name?"
The quiet-looking man puffed out a cloud of smoke and said: "My name is Grant."
"Great Jerusalem!" gasped the sentinel. "I have been relieved by General Grant himself, and didn't know him."
How could he, when not a mark of the General's rank was in sight, and the poor fellow was yet too green in service to know what a fault he had committed in yielding post and gun to any but his regular relief?

REAL BLONDES VERY SCARCE.

REAL BLONDES VERY SCARCE.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Says a St. Louis gentleman: There are not so many bloudes as you would think, not one in twenty, I should say. In explanation of this I would say that few people understand what constitutes a blonde. Every lady with light hair is not a blonde. The word we get from the French. The adverb blonde, on the authority of Clark, the philologist, is defined as meaning fair, light or flaxen, referring to any object, whereas Simmonds describes a blonde as being "a woman of fair complexion." These definitions are given in Worcester's dictionary. If you give the matter a moment's thought, you will recall how many, ladies have light hair and dark compexions.

IN A SOUTHERN TOWN.

From The Detroit Free Press.

NOTES ON CURRENT ART. PICTURES FOR THE PARIS EXPOSITION-NEW

PAINTINGS IN THE GALLERIES.

It will depend largely upon the artists of New-York whether American art is to be adequately represented at the International Exhibition which will be opened at the International Exhibition which are be opened in Paris next May. The American artists residing in Paris have already effected an organization, but it rests with the artists of New-York to give the exhibition of American art the character which is should have. Several artists are alive to the important partial parts of the control of portance of this matter, and there have already been various informal discussions. But there has been no effort to arouse general interest and secure concerted action. This is probably due in part to the lack of an official organizer. As is well known, General W B Franklin is the United States Commissioner in B Franklin is the United States Commissioner in general charge of the American exhibits, and Mr. Tuck is the deputy commissioner, but there has been a delay, probably unavoidable, in selecting a commissioner of fine arts. There has been an obvious difficulty in securing the services of a gentleman of adequate knowledge and discrimination, who could devote the necessary time and effort to the task of forming a growthy American collection. forming a worthy American collection. But a com-missioner will shortly be appointed, and it is hoped that the artists will be prompt in aiding him to make the exhibition a success. It would be inju-dictous on many accounts to attempt to give the exhibition a historical character. The question then arises whether there should be an attempt to represent all phases of American art, to make a general collection, or to form a collection with quality as the only test of admission. The artists may or may not settle the question without serious differences of opinion, but it is to be hoped that quality may be the only test. Ten years have passed since the last International Ex position in Paris, and it is possible now for American artists to obtain a new and higher rating before the world. If there is sent to Paris a collection of the est and only the best work done by our artists within the last ten or fifteen years. American artists will not only gain credit for themselves abroad, but they will also feel the influence of such a showing upon the public at home. The importance of this exhibition is not to be readily overestimated. There were various plausible reasons for the failure of Americans to make dequate contributions to the Munich exhibition. But a similar failure at Paris would be little short of a

A group of paintings by Jules Breton will be placed upon exhibition in the Knoedler Gallery about the middle of November. The collection will include Le Gouter, "The Lunch," a recent Salon picture, known in this country by the etchings. The painting presents three peasant women lying on the ground eating their noonday lunch around a little fire. The scene is a plain, stretching away to the horizon, its surface broken by a few small trees and distant figures. Another of the larger pictures, entitled "Across the Fields," shows three peasant women returning from work, the figures seen against a brilliant sunset. There are also two companion pictures, called " Mornfigures, and two minor works, one, a study of a head, called "A Woman of Artois." This are building ng" and "Evening," which are studies of single called "A Woman of Artois." This exhibition will doubtless prove of much interest, even to those who have been unable to share the enthusiasm of some collectors over examples of Breton's later work.

Messrs. Knoedler & Co. will also place upon exhibition Delacroix's "Abduction of Rebecca," which, as noted in The Tribune last spring, was purchased for 29,000 francs at the Goldschmidt sale, in Paris for Mr. D. C. Lyall, of Brooklyn. The catalogue de scription of this picture is as follows: "Rebecca taken away by the order of the Templar, Bois-Guilbert, in the midst of the sacking of the castle of Front de Boeuf, is already in the hands of two African slaves charged with conducting her far from the scene of combat. The captors are preparing to fly, while on the right a cavalier at full speed dashes toward them. In the background the high walls of the castle appear amid flame and smoke." This picture, which is about three feet four inches long and two feet eight inche high, was painted by Delacroix in 1846, and exhibited in the Salon of that year. At the Collot sale in 1852

Uhde, perhaps the strongest of the "realist ligious painters of the day in Germany. Tho follow the Salon exhibitions will recall Uhde's Supper," which caused some discussion at the time super," which caused some discussion at the time of the exhibition. Several of his pictures were shown at the rocent International Exhibition in Munich. Among Uhde's pantings are "The Supper at Emmans" and "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," and a work entitled "Come, Lord Jesus, be Our Guest." The painting shown by Messrs. Reichard & Co. is a reduced replica of a large picture called "The Sermon on the Mount." In none of these pictures is The painting shown by Messrs. Reichard & Co. is a reduced replica of a large picture called "The Sermon on the Mount." In none of these pictures is there the least attempt at historical accuracy, or any verismilitude in details. The "realism" of Unde consists of the localizing, as it were, of New Testament scenes in the Germany of today. His "Last supper" presents a company of North German sallors and peasants at the table. In another picture the savior is received by a German peasant and his family in a cottage which might be the scene of one of Knaus's genres. In the "Sermon on the Mount," as elsewhere, the Savior is an ascetic figure, with a face not devoid of tender pity, but there is not the slightest likeness to any Oriental or Hebrew type. The Savior is represented as sitting upon a bench, one hand raised as he speaks, while before him kneel and stand peasant men and women, facing the level rays of the setting sun, These are the peasants of today and the landscape is the landscape of Germany, not of the Orient. So far as expression of individual character and power of sympathetic feeling are concerned. Unde's work commands respectful appreciation, and if his pictures were presented merely as studies of German peasant life, their sentiment, and execution as well, would entitle them to cordial praise. There can be little doubt of the artist's power as a student of character and a painter, and those who can remain blind to his dogmatic insistance upon anachronism as a creed may well be moved by the spirit of his work. But his treatment of his theme suggests an actual feature of a Christmas service at a Canadan Indian mission, where the image af the Christ Child was painted a copper color, and many of the worshippers firply believed that the Savior was a Mic Mac Indian like themselves. When all exceptions are taken, however, it will be found that Uhde's results are by no means devoid of impressiveness.

means devoid of impressiveness.

Still another name is to be added to the long list of foreign portrait painters who have come to this country to seek or to execute commissions. The Belgian artist, Joseph Cooman, best known as a painter of Pompeian subjects, is our latest visitor, his errand being the painting of the portraits of a Philadelphia family. Benjamin Constant, who is expected within a short time, is to exhibit here the picture which he has painted for the International Exposition in Paris. The title is "The Sheik is Dead."

AN ALABAMA DIANA. AN ALABAMA DIANA.

Prom an Alabama letter to The Philadelphia Times?

She is a girl, not a girl of the beriod, her a typical
girl of the South, but just our own Diana, who can
drive like Jehn, ride and shoot like a cowdey, run
like a professional, and swim like a duck. She will
go rowing with no company but her dog and gun, and
she can drop her oars, spring to her feet with her
gun, and shoot a marsh hen or grosbeak, withous
rocking the boat, or misplacing the oars. She sleeps
on pillows of down from birds and ducks, killed by
her own hand, and expects by next spring to have
enough feathers of the same kind to make a feather
bod.

I neglected to mention what, perhaps, is more re-

enough feathers of the same kind to make a feather bod.

I neglected to mention what, perhaps, is more remarkable than the other accomplishments, that she can drive a nail without mashing her fingers. Once, indeed, she drove a nail to good purpose. While studying for a prize at school, she was taken with a violent toothache. Her mother forbade her going to school in such violent pain, and there was no dentist nearer than Mobile. So, with a sudden resolve, she got a nail, and, holding it against the tooth, she drove it out (or more likely in), with one blow of the hammer, then she went to school and won the prize. She has kindly taught me how to row with a good stroke, and how to swim with an inflated pillow case. Now she would teach me how to shoot. I can make ready and take aim, but when the time comes to fire, my fingers are so occupied with stopping my ears I cannot pull the trigger. Diana knows every cattle mark in the community. She owns quite a number of sheep and cows, and can tell at a glance if one is missing. At present Diana's most devoted admirer is a man who can neither ride, drive, row or swim, shoot a gun of smoke a cigar. This may be the irony of fale, but I suspect it is fate, nevertheless, for she imagines now that she detests him, and that is usually one of the shadows cast before the coming event.

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